

Pretty Boys Deserve Pretty Seashells

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Pretty Boys Deserve Pretty Seashells

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

Summary

Day 4: Kid Fic and Seashells

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"Wilbur ditched," Techno said. "Meet George."

The man, looking much taller now that he stood in front of George, flashed a smile and stepped forward to introduce himself.

"The name's Clay," He said with a smile. "You can call me Dream."

"Dream," George repeated slowly.

"Yeah," Dream smirked. "Cause I'm the man of your drea-"

"BOOO!" Puffy yelled, quickly joined in by the rest of the group booing along. Sapnap took an empty can and chucked it at Dream as Quackity threw a crumpled-up napkin at him.

"Man's been here 20 seconds, he does not need you to use the *I'm the man of your dreams line* on him," Eret said.

--

George's roommate Wilbur practically begged him to help take his little brother Tommy to his beach playdate when he couldn't. George agreed, for the sake of being nice and not doing chores for like a month, even though he doesn't actually like the beach.

Though, Tommy's friend Tubbo's brother, the very good looking lifeguard, may just change that for him

Notes

day 4 lets gooo

there are so many characters in this idk why
i hope it's not too messy and too complicated
but i had so much fun thinking about the possibilities and all the familiy dynamics

so i made a bunch of people kids (aged down) and in this fic it's the 6 kids (Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, Purpled, Foolish, and Fundy) hope that is clearr

hope you guys enjoyyy

PS (09 Aug 2021): Fic will be edited to fit boundaries thanks.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Let's go Gogy, I'm going to be late! Tubso is waiting," Tommy could barely contain himself, bouncing on the passenger seat like he'd just been fed an entire bag of raw sugar.

"Coming, coming," George sighed. "You're telling your brother he owes me, correct?"

"Let's go!" Tommy yelled, completely ignoring George's sighs.

See it wasn't in George's plan at all to be driving to the beach today. In fact, that he gets so easily sunburnt is the more reason he doesn't like going to the beach. Never mind the noise, the sand, the people-

But Wilbur, his roommate, and very close friend had suddenly gotten a call to tell him that his band is booked for a last-minute gig Saturday night. So he has to create a setlist and do last-minute practice with his bandmates.

Most importantly, that means he couldn't bring his baby brother Tommy to the beach for a prearranged play date.

That's where George comes in.

After a long time of begging and bribing, things like not having to do dishes in the house for the next month or taking the car to the shop, George finally agreed to help Wilbur out and take the kid to the beach.

Tommy was a little shit sometimes when he comes over to Wilbur and George's house, but he's a nice kid and George didn't have the heart to disappoint.

"We're going to make the most epic castle, the biggest tallest sandcastle and the. I'm going to race Ranboo in the ocean and I'm going to win-" Tommy was planning his day as George navigated towards the beach.

"You will be careful though, yes?" George said calmly.

"I will, I will!" Tommy said defensively. "Are we there yet, are we almost there yet?"

"Calm down we'll get there in a few minutes," George said. "In the meantime, put on some sunscreen so you don't come home looking like a tomato."

"It smells funny," Tommy scrunched up his nose. "I don't want to."

"Put it on Tommy, or I'm not letting you out of the car," George said. "Oh look, the beach is right there, shame I'll have to turn around-"

"Fine, fine! I'll put it on," Tommy grumbled.

"Good," George nodded. "Face is important and we'll have to get your back when we get there, so don't you dare run off on me."

"Yes *George*," Tommy drawled as he began to wipe splotches of white on his face, arms, and legs.

"I'm not as nice as your brother am I?" George said teasingly.

"You're nicer," Tommy said absentmindedly.

George practically melted in his seat.

"We're almost there calm yourself," George chuckled as Tommy had already unbuckled his seatbelt before George even fully parked the car. "We still have to put sunscreen on your back."

"Open the lock George, let me out," Tommy whined.

George sighed, knowing the kid is going to bolt on him. But he also needed to get out of the car, so he unlocked the car door. Exactly as he predicted, Tommy bolted towards the ocean.

George was quick on his toes, grabbing the big duffle bag Wilbur had prepped filled with towels, food, and general beach day supplies, before quickly running after Tommy. Thankfully, as fast as Tommy was, little kids have short legs.

"Techie!" George heard Tommy shriek as he ran towards a man standing sitting on the dock of a beach house. "You're back!"

The man had dyed pink hair and wore glasses as he read a leather-bound book. He looked up and saw the child running to him. He placed the book down, getting up from sitting only to crouch back down in front of Tommy's line of attack.

"The raccoon's here!" *Techie* yelled out, his arms slightly open, as Tommy tackled him with a hug. He immediately scooped him up and settled Tommy to sit on his arm. "Where's your brother, you little gremlin? Did you leave him in the car?"

"I came here with Gogy," Tommy said.

"Gogy?" He repeated, looking back to where Tommy had come from until he finally saw George.
"Wilby's roommate?"

"Wilby ditched me," Tommy pouted. "Little bitc-"

"Language," The man said patiently, using his free hand to lightly nip Tommy's lips with his fingers. "I will not have your old man blame me for the swearing."

"Where's Tubso?" Tommy wriggled around trying to get out of the grip.

"Hang on a minute," Techie said, pulling on Tommy's shirt, telling him to take it off. "Did you sunscreen your back?"

"No, he didn't," George chimed in. "Ran away from me before I could catch him."

"Slimy little raccoon," Techie hissed playfully. "Quick! I'll hold him down, you sunscreen him," he told George.

"No, I wanna play with Tubbo!" Tommy whined. "TechnooOo-"

"If you keep still, you'll get to leave faster," Techie- or Techno?- told him. "Ranboo's already practicing for that race you talked about."

"Gogy, Gogy, quick quick!" Tommy said frantically.

The pink-haired boy gave George a wink as George laughed and lathered Tommy up in sunscreen.

"Wait before you go-" George said as Tommy was ready to claw his way out of Techno's arms.
"Here are your goggles, don't swim too far into the ocean, and yell for the lifeguard or me if anything happens. Understood?"

"Yes, yes, now let me-" Tommy grunted and Techno finally let go of him. "Bye!"

Tommy was gone from their presence within seconds, running towards two boys closer to the shoreline.

"Thanks," George didn't realize chasing Tommy down had made him start panting.

"Oh don't worry about it," Techno shrugged with a fond smile on his face. "I used to watch him all the time when he was like three-four."

"I'm George, by the way," George said, extending his hand out for a handshake.

"I know, I've seen you at Wilbur's a few times. The kids call me Techno," The man introduced himself.

"Oh," George mumbled. "Not Techie?"

"That too, more of a special nickname though," Techno smirked. "Gogy."

"Fair enough," George rolled his eyes although he was smiled.

"I am quite comfortable with Techno though, so feel free to call me Techno, everyone does," Techno said walking over to where he's put down his book. "Wilbur left you with babysitting duty?"

"He had a last-minute gig tonight and he needs to prepare," George explained. "There was a lot of begging."

"Oh, good for him, I don't think he knows I'm back from Europe yet, I would've picked up Tommy and spared you the hassle," Techno mumbled. "Did he tell you where the gig was? The guys might want to catch the show tonight after we drop the kids off."

"I'm sure I can ask," George said. "The guys?" He asked.

"Oh right, let me introduce you to everyone," Techno mumbled, nudging George to follow him into the beach house.

George was under the assumption that he would come and send Tommy off, only to spend the day under an umbrella with a good book. Much like what Techno was doing earlier.

"I heard the child screaming," A voice from the kitchen called out the moment he heard the sound of the door opening. "What did you do to him Tech?"

"Smothered him in sunscreen," Techno replied.

"You're not Wilbur," A different voice called out from the lounging area. George saw the mop of brown hair get up from the couch.

"No, I'm not," George replied. "Wilbur's roommate." He pointed at himself.

"Wilbur has a last-minute gig tonight, we should go," Techno declared.

"Hell yeah, we should go," The voice from the kitchen finally revealed himself, carrying a tray filled to the brim with Nachos. "I'm Alex, call me Q or Quackity. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Karl!" The voice from the lounge yelled out, waving at George.

"I'm George," George introduced. "I brought Tommy."

"Let's go out back," Techno nudged his head towards the large patio. "More people for you to meet."

More people? Exactly how many people are here? How big is this playdate?

George followed Techno who brought him towards a group of people, lounging on beach chairs,

benches, sofa, and just around the wooden railings.

"Wilbur ditched," Techno declared. "We have a new guest everyone, behave."

The group turned and looked at them, more specifically George.

"Hi," George said.

"Aight, run-down," Techno said. "Sapnap owns the beach house, doesn't have any kids with him. We're all just leeching off the property."

"Sup dude, mi casa es su casa, any friend of Wilbur is a friend of mine," Sapnap said, lounging on the beach chair.

"You're met Q and Karl, they're just Sapnap's boyfriends," Techno explained. "Leeches."

"Hey!" Quackity exclaimed.

"Q's fine, at least he makes the food," Techno continued.

"And I'm here to be adorable," Karl said sitting directly on Sapnap's lap.

"Damn straight baby," Sapnap mumbled.

"You just forgot your entire kid huh?" The only girl in the group piped up. "The whole kid."

"Oh yeah, he's here with Grayson," Techno remembered. "Little blond dude."

"I'm Cara or Puffy as the kids call me," The woman introduced herself, waving at George. "I'm here with Noah. Brown hair, glasses. Nice to meet you." She grinned.

"Nice to meet you too," George replied politely.

"Moving on," Techno said. "Sitting on the railing, that's Eret, he's here with Fundy, little redhead kid."

Eret simply smiled and gave George a salute.

"I'm here with Ranboo, too tall for his age," Techno explained. "And if you're with Tommy, you definitely know Tubbo, and Tubbo is with-"

"Speak of the devil," Sapnap cut Techno off.

Techno stopped talking and followed Sapnap's gaze. George did as well. What he saw, or to be precise who he saw, was a man jogging lightly towards them, wearing nothing but a pair of lime green swim trunks.

To say the man was sculpted was somewhat of an understatement. He was tall and lean but built with defined muscles. He was definitely good-looking, even from a distance George could tell by the number of heads he was turning. His blond hair was damp, his hands running through them and he hopped the steps to reach the patio.

"I'm finally off my shift, I saw Toms, is Wilbur up to go surfing?" He asked the moment he got to his group of friends.

"Wilbur ditched," Techno said. "Meet George."

The man, looking much taller now that he stood in front of George, flashed a smile and stepped forward to introduce himself.

"The name's Clay," He said with a smile. "You can call me Dream."

"Dream," George repeated slowly.

"Yeah," Dream smirked. "Cause I'm the man of your drea-"

"BOOO!" Puffy yelled, quickly joined in by the rest of the group booing along. Sapnap took an empty can and chucked it at Dream as Quackity threw a crumpled-up napkin at him.

"Man's been here 20 seconds, he does not need you to use the *I'm the man of your dreams* line on him," Eret said.

"Uncalled for, uncalled for," Karl criticized.

Techno glanced down at George, slightly smirking at just how red the newcomer had gotten. I don't think George himself realized how hard he was blushing.

"Apologize Dream," Sapnap said teasingly.

"I am very, truly, sorry George," Dream said, though the mischievous smile was still on his face.

"It's fine," George managed to say with a little laugh.

"Dream is with Tubbo," Techno finally finished his explanation.

"Tubbo's my brother," Dream nodded, agreeing to the statement though his eyes were scanning his surrounding. "Alright, who has my sandwich?"

"Tuna with extra lettuce," Puffy said waving the foot-long sandwich in front of her for Dream to take.

"Sweet," Dream hopped over and sat down on the patio, the patched of floor around him turning wet from him dripping on it.

"Dream is also the lifeguard who is currently *not* guarding the lives of our responsibilities," Techno snarked.

"Alright listen, I finished my shift, I'm starving," Dream explained. "Tubbo has a whistle and he knows how to swim. We're fine."

"Who's taking over?" Eret asked.

"Charlie," Dream said.

"Oh I don't trust Charlie at all," Karl cackled. "You think Grayson will be fine?"

Dream just shrugged, not giving everyone the vote of confidence they were expecting.

"It's fine," Techno brushed it off. "The kids are not completely stupid."

"Uh-" Eret said.

"Uhm-" Puffy chuckled.

"Okay well my kid's not completely stupid," Techno said. "They'll be fine."

"So where's Wilbur?" Dream asked, a mouthful of tuna. "Not that I don't want you here, but you know-"

"He has a last-minute gig tonight, so he asked me to come so he could prepare a set and practice," George explained.

"Okay, so that's definitely the after-party." Quackity declared and everyone nodded. "Speaking of, are you legal, and do you want a drink?" Quackity looked at George and pointed at the cooler. "Also stop standing up, take a seat, be lazy and useless. It's a beach day."

The outdoor sofa that Puffy was sitting on was empty for the most part, so both George and Techno made their way to sit on the couch.

"Dream, how have you never met George?" Karl asked out of nowhere. "The amount of time you have to drop Tubbo off at Tommy's you'd think right?"

"Well I usually drop Tubbo at Phil's, not Wilbur's," Dream said. "I mean I've had encounters I think," He mumbled. "Were you the roommate that yelled at me for blocking your car or were you the one that almost walked out naked when the boys were playing in the living room?"

"I was definitely *not* that second one," George said. "And for the car thing, I'm-" George blushed. "-sorry."

Dream chuckled as he finished his sandwich, finally getting off the floor to move to sit on the couch, even though he was still very wet from his swim.

He placed himself in between George and Puffy, smiling cheekily at George before turning back into the conversation his friends were having.

"Look, I love Fundy man, more than just about anything. But consider the fact that I'm taking care of him and *not* our parents, kids have it so much better now," Eret said.

"You let the kid get away with murder Eret!" Puffy exclaimed. "He has it better because while your parents did things so make sure you stayed in line, Fundy could literally drown someone and you'll go- that's just Fundy."

"It's because he's six!" Eret said. "And he's got beach playdates, and a Nintendo Switch, listen, when we were growing up like fifteen-twenty years ago, I biked myself to the park."

"No, no, I agree," Karl said. "My parents had to call me to take him to the beach as if I didn't skate myself to the beach every time I wanted to go."

"Parents are just more protective these days," Dream said. "You think my dad would let me take Tubbo to the beach had I not been a certified Lifeguard? Get outta here."

"It's not the time," Sapnap said, munching a scoop of nacho and cheese that Quackity just fed him. "It doesn't matter if it's fifteen years ago or today, I mean look at me."

"Right," Puffy said. "Older brother Bad gets it harder and you're chilling at the beach house."

"It's the youngest privilege," Sapnap shrugged. "We get away with murder."

"Maybe-" Techno piped up. "Maybe, you guys just suck. Because it doesn't matter if I'm the oldest, my dad let me go off to Europe for like three months."

"Okay Tech," Eret said sarcastically. "Like your father has *any* reason to think you'll do something bad Mr. Straight As, valedictorian, English-major."

"That's my point," Techno said. "It's not like Ranboo's a little shit either being the youngest, he's an angel."

"Okay, but alternatively-" Quackity said. "You could argue your dad cares a little less that you disappeared. Would he let Ranboo travel Europe for three months?"

"No, he's six," Techno answered though he threw a water bottle at a laughing Quackity.

"Do you have siblings, George?" Dream asked.

"Yeah," George nodded. "An older brother and a younger sister."

"Oh a middle child," Eret said.

"Enlighten us, George," Dream leaned back into his seat. "Tell us about the wonders of being a middle child."

"You know what they say," George joked. "What middle child?"

"No," Karl cackled. "That's so mean, I shouldn't laugh."

"I mean," George shrugged. "My brother got attention, big job, successful. Little sister, still in high school, needs attention, needs protection- parents are going crazy over boyfriends."

"Oh I can imagine," Puffy said. "Noah flips out every time I bring literally anyone home and he's six. Remember when you drove me from the movies?" She looked at Dream who chuckled.

"Oh, a little man tried to *fight* me," Dream laughed. "He actually tried to climb on top of me, clawed me in a few places as well."

George felt a little disappointed. He shouldn't be. In all reality, he didn't even know these people, but knowing that Dream wasn't single was kind of disappointing. He liked when Dream flirted with him.

I mean look at him.

"Sisters are different," Karl said. "I brought home both Q and Sapnap, and you know what Purpled does? He hogs them. He hogs both of them. They play Bedwars with him instead of spending time with me. In *my* house!"

Sapnap laughed and pressed a kiss on Karl's pouting face. Quackity reached out and took Karl's hand, planting a kiss at the back of it.

"You *know* that's the play," Sapnap informed him. "You get the siblings to like you, and you're in. Why do you think Skeppy bought me a laptop for my birthday?"

George had to register for a bit, thinking about who the hell Purpled was.

"Purpled is Grayson," Dream said in a hushed voice after quickly noticing George's confusion. "Karl's little brother."

"Oh," George mumbled. "Does everyone have nicknames?"

"Everyone but Karl," Dream nodded. "Noah we call Foolish sometimes. We gotta get you one."

"A nickname?" George asked.

"Yeah," Dream nodded enthusiastically. "Wilbur's name isn't even Wilbur, you know that right?"

George chuckled and nodded.

"If you're talking about nicknames-" Techno said absentmindedly, still half reading his book.
"Tommy called him Gogy earlier."

George spun his head around so fast and gave Techno the look of utmost betrayal. Techno was unbothered, however, barely looking up from his book.

"Gogy!" Dream cheered. "That's cute," He cooed.

"Don't-" George said. "Tommy just does whatever he wants apparently."

"Hang on, George," Eret called. "How old is your sister?"

"Sixteen-seventeen?" George mumbled.

"What's her name?" Puffy asked.

"Niki," George said.

"Wait so she's friends with my brother then!" Eret said excitedly. "Jack Manifold."

"Oh yeah, yeah I've met him a couple of times," George said.

"And my sister," Puffy said. "Hannah."

"Oh," George looked taken aback. "I didn't realize that it's that small of a world."

"It's a small world, and it's a smaller town," Dream told him. "I'm willing to bet your brother knows either Bad or Skeppy."

"Bad is-" George said hesitantly.

"Darryl," Sapnap told him. "His name is Darryl."

"My brother's name is Sam," George said.

"You mean Sam and Ponk?" Quackity said and George nodded. "Yeah, we know Sam and Ponk. Ponk like Punz and HBomb's cousin?"

"Oh, we're friends with Punz!" Sapnap exclaimed.

"Sam, tall guy right? Six foot something-" Karl said.

"Much taller than me yeah," George agreed.

"Oh yeah, he was over at your house and caught me when I fell out of your window," Karl told Sapnap. "Your brother is definitely friends with Gogy's brother."

"Is that the nickname that's going to stick now?" George whined.

"We gonna breeze past that falling out of a window comment?" Techno piped up. "Okay then."

"How are you not in this friend group sooner? Everyone knows everyone," Dream looked at George. "Has Wilbur been hiding you from me?"

"I don't think so," George felt his cheeks starting to get hot.

"Can you blame him?" Techno asked flatly. "The last time you tried to sleep with his roommate is exactly why there was a roommate who nearly traumatized your brother."

"I did not *try* to sleep with Wilbur's old roommate," Dream yelled defensively. "And how does that even make sense?"

"Was the roommate who almost walked into the living room naked not the one you tried to sleep with?" Techno said accusingly. "Tommy said-"

"Tommy did not know what he was talking about," Dream said. "I was kind of talking to Wilbur's drummer, that's a whole other story. We're moving on." Techno simply snickered.

"Dream, will you please do a life check?" Puffy asked, halting the conversation to a sudden stop. Dream rolled his eyes and sighed, but stood up anyway.

"Alright, you wanna come with?" Dream asked George.

"Do what? A life check?" George tilted his head.

"Check if all the kids are alive," Dream told him.

"Right right," George said. "Yeah, I'll come with."

"Actually, you mind bringing them back?" Techno said looking at his phone. "Might be time for lunch."

Everyone collectively looked at their phones to check the time before agreeing with Techno.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll bring 'em up for lunch," Dream waved off. "So George-" Dream said the moment they were far enough away from the group of friends. "Tell me about yourself."

"What's to tell?" George said.

"Likes, dislikes, how old you are, are you still in school, what did you study in school if you did go?" Dream rattled off.

"I recently graduated Computer science major, I'm twenty-three," George said. "I like video games and I don't like-" he stopped.

"Don't like what?" Dream asked.

"-the beach," George mumbled softly and Dream gasped.

"The beach? You don't like the beach?" Dream was more offended than anyone George had ever seen.

"No! Sand gets everywhere, and you just get sunburnt, and-"

"I'm a lifeguard, George, that's offensive," Dream shot back.

"Oh-kay Mr. Lifeguard, not everyone can be tanned and gorgeous at the beach like you are, some people are struggling with not getting skin cancer," George muttered.

"So you think I'm gorgeous?" Dream changed the course of the conversation so quickly that George had to physically stop in his tracks.

"Piss off, you know what I mean," And this is how George resorted to replying. Dream smirked, giving George a wink which only got him a shake of the head. "What about you? Other than lifeguard."

"I didn't go to college," Dream started. "I do a lot of programming though, so I relate to you there. I also play a lot of video games courtesy of Tubbo. I love the beach, love it, and I don't like-" Dream mulled over it. "I don't like beer. I don't drink."

"Huh," George commented. "I would've thought you would."

"What can I say, I'm full of surprises," Dream said as they got closer to the beach.

"Dream!" George looked as a little brunette boy left their sandcastle and ran towards him and Dream. He watched Dream's face break out into a smile as he bent down and picked up the boy in his arm.

"How's it going, little buddy? You having fun?" Dream said, gently brushing sand off of Tubbo's back. George has seen Tubbo a few times, if not just from chilling in Wilbur's back seat with Tommy.

Never knew Tubbo had such a hot brot-

Okay, stop it.

"Look at this seashell I found," Tubbo said, holding it out in front of Dream.

"Very pretty," Dream nodded slowly.

"Take it," Tubbo insisted. "Pretty boys deserve pretty seashells."

"Thank you, Tubbo," Dream chuckled and kissed Tubbo on the forehead, taking the seashell from his brother's hand and putting it in his pocket.

"Tommy didn't want it so I gave it to Ranboo," Tubbo whispered to which Dream just laughed. "And then Tommy wanted it so I just gave it to you."

"So I'm your third choice?" Dream squinted at his brother.

"No," Tubbo mumbled though he looked away. That's when he realized George had been there. "Hello."

"Hello," George greeted back.

"Are you Tommy's Gogy?" Tubbo asked. George heard Dream snort at the nickname but George resigned.

"Yes," George replied. "Tommy's still alive?"

"We're all very safe," Tubbo said. "I haven't needed to use the whistle."

"Good boy," Dream smooched Tubbo in the cheeks again before letting him down. "Why don't you get everyone and let's eat some lunch? You can go back to playing after."

Tubbo nodded before running off to his group of friends to declare lunchtime. Five small heads perked up from their sandcastle and looked towards Dream and George. Dream gave them a small wave to tell them to come over, and the hoard of kids came running.

"What's for lunch?" Tommy asked. Much to George's surprise, Tommy had walked up and immediately took his hand, tugging on it slightly.

Dream was too busy trying to balance Tubbo on his shoulder, while his other two hands were being occupied with brown hair, glasses (so that must be Noah), and little blonde dude (and that's Grayson).

George felt his other hand getting tugged by someone, and he turned to find a boy, who much to Techno's description, was far too tall for his age.

"I'm Ranboo," He introduced himself.

"I'm George," George said back.

"Ranboo, he's *my* George," Tommy said possessively.

"One, two, three, four-" Dream counted. "Fundy?" He called.

"I'm here," Fundy was somewhere to George's left.

"Fundy. Hands," Ranboo said as he stretched out his free hand that wasn't holding onto George. Fundy nodded and held on to Ranboo's hand. George looked at them questioningly before looking at Dream.

"We hold hands when we travel in packs so no one gets left behind," Dream explained shortly. "Everyone ready? Tubbo, you're holding on tight?"

"Yes, let's go," Tubbo nodded.

The two men and the six kids made their way back to the beach house patio. In the time that they'd left, apparently, the adults of the group have started preparing food. Quackity had turned on the grill and started cooking while Sapnap was preparing the buns. Karl and Puffy brought out the tray of snacks, paper plates, and napkins.

"Alright, alright hang on-" Techno said before the kids started running everywhere. "Everybody needs to go to Eret to wash their hands."

"My hands are clean," Noah said.

"Your hands are most definitely not clean," Puffy chimed in. "Go to Eret and wash your hands," she reiterated.

The kids detached themselves from Dream and George to run inside and find Eret. Eret was stationed at the kitchen sink, picking kids up off the ground so they can reach the tap and wash their hands.

"You never had to take care of little kids do you?" Dream asked George.

"My sister's only like six-seven years younger," George told him. "And she has Sam, so no."

"Most of us are eldest," Dream explained. "So you gotta learn. I mean, Sapnap and Q learned pretty fast."

"Dream, can I have mustard on my hotdog and some chips?" Tubbo asked the moment he got out of the house, hands still a little wet from the washing.

"Sure, do you want ketchup too or just mustard?" Dream asked.

"Mustard," Tubbo replied.

"Okay, I'll go wash my hands and get you it," Dream said. "Toms? You wanna tell George what you want?"

"Ketchup and relish please," Tommy requested. "Can I get apple juice to drink?"

"Me too!" Tubbo chimed in and a few other kids yelled out too.

"I'll get the food, you get the drinks," Dream told George. "Juice boxes are in the cooler, make sure they don't touch the *other things*."

"Got it," George said heading towards the cooler.

He watched the group interacting like a big family. Techno sat Ranboo down on the couch, kneeling in front of him as he handed him the plate of hotdogs with chips on the side. Ranboo looked like a quiet kid, a nice kid just like Techno had said. Techno was saying something, to which Ranboo nodded, and Techno ruffled his hair.

Puffy was back sitting on her spot, although this time Noah was on her lap. She was holding his paper plate for him, her other arm wrapped around his waist. He was trying to talk through his mouthful as Puffy just snuggled him closer.

Karl was playfully swatting Grayson's hands away from the nachos, telling him that he's going to spoil his appetite if he ate too many chips before even eating a hotdog. Sapnap chuckled as he prepped Grayson his hotdog, crouching down so he's at the kid's level before serving it to him.

"Thank you, Sapnap," Grayson said before Karl took him to sit on a beach chair.

George collected six apple juice boxes from the cooler, before starting to go around handing them to the kids.

Grayson was the closest, thanking George before giving it to Karl to hold it for him. Fundy was making his way from washing his hand, Eret walking behind him. George gave him a juice box.

"Say thank you, George," Eret said, gently patting Fundy's hair.

"Thank you, George," Fundy said before running to Sapnap to get his lunch.

George gave a juice box to Puffy for Noah and handed one to Ranboo. Both kids politely thanked him, though through some food in their mouths. Techno and Puffy looked very proud.

Lastly, George crouched down in front of Tommy, who was next to Tubbo. Tubbo was in between Tommy and Ranboo, and suddenly the couch was getting full.

"Apple juice," George said dramatically. "As requested."

"Thank you," Tubbo giggled while Tommy just smiled brightly at George.

"And your lunch," Dream piped up, just as dramatically from behind George. He handed the two paper plates to the two boys before retreating inside. George followed, wanting to simply avoid the increasingly loud crowd.

"Are you already doing dishes?" George asked as Dream started rinsing out some bottles.

"Just refilling their water," Dream told him. "Kids need to be hydrated. Also, remind me to reapply their sunscreen before they go back down."

"Of course," George nodded. "Need help with anything?"

"I think I'm good," Dream told him.

George resorted to sitting on a stool at the beach house bar, still closely watching Tommy, and also everyone else.

"God I miss being a kid," George said absentmindedly. "It's so much easier isn't it?"

"Especially when you've got other people taking care of you," Dream agreed. "Food is cooked,

clothes are prepped, bottles are filled-

"They're so-" George said. "Innocent."

"Only know play, eat, sleep," Dream chuckled. "I dread the day Tubbo comes to me for help with his pre-algebra homework."

"Their lives must be so simple," George said.

"Because they make it simple," Dream said. "Tubbo became friends with Tommy because he walked up to Tommy and went *do you want to be my friend?*" George laughed. "He did the same thing to Ranboo, and the same thing to Purpled, and Foolish, and Fundy."

"And how long did it take you to be friends with Wilbur?" George asked curiously.

"Seven playdates," Dream answered. "I didn't really talk to Wilbur until the seventh playdate Tubbo had with Tommy."

"And everyone else?" George asked.

"Techno I knew from Tommy so that's an extra month. Eret was an extra two months," Dream explained. "Puffy and Sapnap I've just known since we were kids, Karl and Q just came along."

"Adults make it so complicated huh?" George pondered. "If we were as simple as kids maybe we won't be as stressed."

"And do what, George?" Dream said. "Go up to someone in a bar and go *So, wanna make out?*"

"I mean essentially," George replied.

"You're telling me you won't just punt them to space if anyone comes up to you like that?" Dream looked skeptical.

"Maybe a little more grace," George said. "*Do you want to grab dinner with me, or maybe, could I buy you a drink, maybe even, do you want to be my boyfriend?*" He elaborated. "It should be that simple. The last person I talked to- god, 4 months. Four months of talking and dancing around, and it ended up nowhere."

George stopped and turned to look at Dream, who was just smirking at him.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to load that off on you, I'm just-" George rattled on, trying to cover his face and the growing blush.

"No, no, it's fine," Dream said, wiping down the wet countertop. "We've all had relationship problems."

"It should be that simple," George said. "I mean look at your brother! *Do you want to be my friend, and pretty boys deserve pretty seashells.* God, I would love to just-"

George looked at Dream who's expression suddenly changed and now had a sad smile on his face. Dream looked at Tubbo before continuing to cap up all the water bottles. Dream cleared his throat before looking back at George.

"You were saying?" Dream asked.

"Did I say something?" George mumbled. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm-" Dream looked down to his hands. "My mom used to say that," He told George. "*Pretty boys deserve pretty seashells.*" He chuckled softly. "That's how she met my dad, at the beach."

"I'm sorry-" George said. "I'm so sorry."

"No, no-" Dream shook his head. "You're right, it should be that simple."

"Dream can we go back? Techno won't let us go back!" Tubbo whined loudly.

"Can't swim thirty minutes after eating Tubs, you know the rules," Dream called back.

"We're not going to swim, we're building castles," Tubbo said defensively. "Please!"

Dream quickly regained his composure and walked out, leaving George still sitting on the counter.

"Did you sunscreen them?" Dream asked Techno.

"Every single one of them," Techno nodded.

"Right, well I don't trust you two-" Dream pointed to Tommy and Ranboo. "-to not go racing. Or you." He pointed to Fundy. "So I guess you can go, and I'll come to watch you until thirty minutes is up."

"Thanks, Dream," Tubbo said running to him and again, getting thrown up to Dream's shoulders. This time Tommy and Ranboo were the ones holding Dream's left and right hand, Karl had volunteered to go along, carrying the water bottles Dream had prepped for the kids. Grayson was piggybacking his brother, and on both sides were Noah and Fundy.

George walked out and sat on the couch, hands rubbing his temple.

"You alright there buddy?" Puffy asked.

"I might've fucked up a little bit?" George answered honestly. "We were talking inside and his mom got brought up."

"Oh," Sapnap winced, for the first time in the whole day getting off the beach chair and sitting on the couch, in between George and Techno. "He'll be fine. He gets sad sometimes, but that's why he goes to the beach."

"Sometimes I'm glad Tubbo doesn't remember much," Puffy said. "Losing his mom was super rough on Dream. He was very close to her."

"You're telling me," Techno said. "Tubbo was at Tommy's like days at a time. Dream and his dad were always at the hospital."

"I feel horrible," George said.

"Relax," Eret said. "His mother isn't *your* fault, he'll get over it. He just needs to cool off with the kiddies."

"Being a kid is so much easier huh?" Quackity reiterated.

"Tell me about it," George mumbled.

The rest of the day went on pretty smoothly. Dream came back up with Karl after a few minutes, already smiling and glowing like he was before. They sat around, played music, Sapnap danced with both his boyfriends. They played cards, and chess which George didn't think was quite a beach game material.

They could've played volley, but the group was generally tired and just wanted to do nothing for the day.

Time finally came for them to wrangle the kids and drag them kicking and screaming from the beach. The sun was setting after all. Dream had recruited Techno to get the kids, and Techno was efficient.

It was also because Techno was a little scary, even and especially with the pink hair.

"Aight everyone, rinse off," Dream said holding a hose. "We are not getting sand in the cars, understood?"

Dream turned on the hose and sprayed the sand off the kids, who are yelling and laughing about how cold the water was. Puffy and Eret were stationed with the towels to dry them off before they went to their respective guardians to get their dry clothes. Everyone else helped clean up the house.

"Did you have fun today?" George asked Tommy who nodded as he tried to put his shirt on.

"Thanks for taking me," Tommy said.

"Anytime," George smiled at him.

Tommy and Tubbo were inseparable up until they had to separate in the parking lot. That also meant Dream was the last person George said goodbye to from the rest of the friend group.

"Fun day," Dream commented awkwardly.

"Fun," George nodded. "Yeah."

"Hate the beach a little less now?" Dream asked.

"I never said I *hate* it," George said and Dream chuckled. "I just don't love it."

"Well I got something that might help you change your mind," Dream smiled, digging through his pocket.

Dream pulled out a seashell, a different one than the one Tubbo gave him. Slightly bigger, curved with a light brown marbling on it. He held it out to George, who stared at him confusingly. George finally held out his hand and Dream placed the seashell on his palm.

"Pretty boys deserve pretty seashells," Dream said. "It is that simple."

George opened his mouth, wanting to say something but then realizing that he actually couldn't. Nothing good anyway.

"I thought you and Puffy-" This was the only thing George could say.

"You thought I was with Puffy?" Dream laughed and George nodded. "Oh is it the movie's comment and Noah tried to fight me?" George nodded. "No, no, that's why it's funny. Foolish attacked me anyway."

"Oh," George didn't want to smile, but he really could help it.

"Tubbo, let's go," Dream clapped his hands. "Buddy we gotta go home, I got plans tonight."

Tubbo and Tommy were whining, but obliged and got into their rides, waving goodbye to each other.

"I will see you at Wilbur's show tonight right?" Dream asked. "And you'll let me buy you a drink?"

"Yeah," George managed to squeak. "Yeah, sure."

"Cool," Dream said, hopping into his car. "See you later."

George got into his car and sat down, still holding a seashell in his hand.

"Tommy," George started. "When do you think is the next time you're coming back to the beach?"

"Whenever Tubbo wants to," Tommy said. "Because Dream works at the beach."

"Right, right," George said. "Right."

Okay, so maybe the beach isn't so bad.

End Notes

i HOpe all the family relationships are clear, i know it's a lot and I incorporated a lot of people which is awful for the story but i had so much fun with it.

we're more than half way through dnf week and it's pogg

love reading the comments and thoughts, kudos are also cool
would love suggestions if any of you would like to read something (this fic looks like it has potential to be a universe series)

Thank you lots, see you tomorrow for day 5 (super long fic)

Sub to the series if you want, i will be updating for all dnf week prompts

Sub to user if you like me ig :D

Follow me on twt if you'd like: @noimnotJJ

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